

A BIT OF ADVICE

First—Don't Delay Second—Don't Experiment

If you suffer from backache, headaches or dizzy spells; if you rest poorly and are languid in the morning; if the kidney secretions are irregular and unnatural in appearance, do not delay. In such cases the kidneys often need help.

Doan's Kidney Pills are especially prepared for kidney trouble. They are recommended by thousands. Can Barton residents desire more convincing proof of their effectiveness than the statement of a Barton citizen who has used them and willingly testifies to their worth?

M. J. Smith, Marble dealer, Church St., Barton, says: "I know that Doan's Kidney Pills are a good kidney medicine and worthy of endorsement. I have taken them for a lame and aching back and pains through my kidneys, and have had the best of results. I don't think that I could give Doan's Kidney Pills too much praise."

Price 50¢ at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—name same that Mr. Smith said. F. W. Baldwin Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

FOR SALE

Cook Stove and Pipe \$15, Parlor Stove \$5, Parlor Stove \$4, Parlor Stove \$3, Parlor Stove \$2.50, Lumber Wagon, Pole and Springs \$16.25, Buggy Wagons \$10 each, one-horse S. eds \$10, Pump \$4, Express Harness \$8, Bone Cutter \$5, Platform Scales \$1, Cross-cut Saw \$1, Force Pump \$2.50, Oil Stove \$1, 2 Pikes 25¢ each, Iron Bar \$1, 8-b Steel Hammer \$1, Post Driver 25¢, Canthook 20¢, Hay Knife 30¢, Steel Wedges 10¢ each, Wagon Wheel Shoe 50¢, 2 Meat Jars \$2, Bedstead \$2, Cultivator \$1.50, Mowing Machine Section Grinder \$1, Half Bushel 25¢, High Chair 50¢, Blow \$1, Wash Tub 50¢, Dining Table \$2, Couch \$2, 2 Comforters 40¢ each, Chains.

Administrators' sale at appraisal, call upon

F. W. Baldwin, Barton, Vt.

Estate of Sarah A. Miles

STATE OF VERMONT
District of Orleans, ss.
The Honorable Probate Court for the District of Orleans.

To all persons interested in the estate of Sarah A. Miles, late of Brownington in said District deceased.

At a Probate Court, holden at Newport within and for said District on the 18th day of September, 1915, an instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Sarah A. Miles, late of Brownington in said District, deceased, was presented to the Court aforesaid, for Probate.

And it is ordered by said Court that the 15th day of October, 1915 at Colby Stoddard's office in Orleans at 12 o'clock P. M., be assigned for proving said instrument; and that notice thereof be given to all persons concerned, by publishing the same in the Orleans County Monitor, a newspaper circulating in that vicinity, in said District, previous to the time appointed.

THREEFOUR, you are hereby notified to appear before said Court at the time and place aforesaid, and contest the probate of said will, if you have cause.

Given under my hand at Newport, in said District, this 18th day of September, 1915.
RUFUS W. SPEAR, Judge.

TREAT CATARRH BY NATURE'S METHOD

Every Breath of Hyomei Carries Healing Medicated Air to the Infected Membrane

Nearly everyone who has catarrh knows how foolish it is to try and cure it with sprays, lotions and the like. Temporary relief may be given, but a cure seldom comes.

Until recently your physician would probably have said the only way to help catarrh would be to have a change of climate; but now with a simple preparation called Hyomei you can carry a health-giving climate in your vest pocket and by breathing it a few minutes four times a day successfully treat yourself.

The complete Hyomei outfit is inexpensive and consists of an inhaler that can be carried in the vest pocket, a medicine bottle and a bottle of Hyomei. The inhaler lasts a lifetime, and if one bottle does not give permanent relief, an extra bottle of Hyomei can be obtained at any time for a trifling sum. It is more economical than all remedies advertised for the cure of catarrh, and is the only treatment known to us that follows nature in her method of treating diseases of the respiratory organs.

Fred D. Pierce has sold a great many Hyomei outfits and the more he sells, the more convinced he is that he is perfectly safe in guaranteeing to refund the money if Hyomei does not relieve.

Sold and guaranteed in Orleans by F. J. Kinney.

10% Discount on all tires in stock
Phone 64 ring 11
Vulcanizing a specialty.

Ford Mats \$1.25. Tool Boxes \$2.50
THE LINDSAY GARAGE
WEST DERBY, VT.

The Man of the Hour

is not "going to be ready" but is ready for the opportunity that comes. Let us help you to prepare for it.

BURLINGTON
Business College

WEAR HUB RUBBERS

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL HERBERT URNER
Originator of "Their Married Life," Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," etc.

They Dine at an Anarchist Restaurant in an Atmosphere of Real Bohemia

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)



Mabel H. Urner.

The clatter of dishes mingled with the hum of voices, and the air was thick with smoke and garlic. The long tables were without cloths, and wooden benches took the place of chairs. Around the walls was a line of hooks, from which hung a motley array of wraps.

From the doorway they scanned crowded tables for an empty place.

"How about that other room? You wait here," and Warren strode through to what had been the back parlor of the once dignified old house.

Although Helen had wanted to see what this much-talked-of anarchist restaurant was like, the stifling cigarette smoke and bare tables were not alluring. She was almost glad when Warren came back with a brief "full up."

But as they turned to leave somebody called out jovially, "Hold on there! Always room for two more!" Warren nodded his thanks as they took the end of a bench made vacant by the others sliding themselves and their dishes closer together.

Somebody shoved toward Warren a soiled menu mimeographed in purple ink. Glancing over his shoulder, Helen saw the items, "Bean soup, 10¢; Small steak, 25¢; Succotash, 5¢," and promptly decided that the food was too cheap to be either good or clean.

"Seem to be shy on waiters," Warren tried to catch the eye of a man in shirt sleeves dashing kitchenward with an overloaded tray.

"Steve's the only food slinger here—but he's a wonder," a man opposite informed them sociably.

"He must be to wait on this crowd," admitted Warren.

"Never been to Mollie's before?" "This is our first offense."

"Well, I'll show you the ropes. Write your order on this," reaching for a small pad, "and give it to Steve. Then forget it!"

"Any bread up that way?" called someone.

"Sure!" and a long French loaf went coasting down the bare table.

Helen thought of the wet, dirty dishcloth with which Steve had just wiped off one of the other tables, and decided not to eat any bread.

"How about a cocktail?" Warren asked their friend opposite. "Can you get anything to drink here?"

"If they know you. Take a chance—write it down anyway."

"Dear, look!" Helen was gazing at the weird huckle-colored posters above the line of coats. "Are they Cubist and Futurist—or what?"

"There's the chap that drew them." The man opposite pointed out an anemic-looking youth with flowing hair and tie. "Maybe he knows."

Steve now dashed up with a tray laden with bowls of thick, reddish-brown bean soup. Two of these he shoved across the table to Warren.

The soup had slopped over the nickel edge of the bowl in smeary brown streaks. With a feeling of revulsion Helen pushed it to her.

"What's the matter?" sharply. "Now no supercilious airs here!"

"But, Warren, I can't very well eat soup with a fork," for only a fork and a black-handled knife were at her place.

"The spoons are out there in the pantry—in a box to your right," was the helpful suggestion of a young woman next to Helen.

With the air of a habitué, Warren strode back to the green swinging door, beyond which several of the others had foraged.

"Did things look clean?" whispered Helen when he returned with the spoon.

"Didn't notice," indifferently. "Ah, here we are!" as Steve slammed before them two cocktails in plain whiskey glasses.

The cocktails were dark and sweetish, and Helen drank hers with distaste, but it gave her courage to try the soup.

"If Steve don't bring all you order" (the man opposite reached for his hat and coat), "hustle out and help yourself. That's the rule here."

His place was soon taken by a dark, foreign-looking woman with gleaming black eyes and pallid skin. She seemed well known here, and was greeted with careless familiarity.

"One of my blue days," as she lit a cigarette with long, nervous hands. "How I loathe Sunday! If I'd had a good dose of cyanide, I'd have shuttled off today."

"Oh, we all feel like that at times," comforted the man with the Vandye beard who sat next to her. "What got you hippped today?"

"I don't know," musingly, watching the circle of her cigarette smoke, "except this was the anniversary of my divorce."

"Wouldn't mind a little thing like

that," said her neighbor cheerfully. Taking off her dusty black hat, she tossed it up on a hook. Her dark, cloudy hair was coiled in a careless knot low on her neck.

Helen watched her, fascinated. It was a glimpse into a different world. Who was this weird, dark-eyed woman? What did she do? In spite of her unhealthy pallor and her shabbiness, she was curiously attractive.

"Now that's what I call a fetching get-up," grinned Warren as a man came in with a slouch hat, baggy corduroy trousers, and sandaled feet.

"Sandals!" Helen stared at the tan straps over the black socks.

"We've struck the real thing this time," with a chuckle. "Wonder if that's a bomb," as another newcomer deposited a box on the mantel.

But it contained nothing more alarming than some announcements of a "Feminist Ball," which were distributed with jovial comments.

As several were now leaving, the man with the Vandye beard rose and hospitably announced:

"A jamboree at Jimmie's tonight! Everybody come that can!"

"Oh, I don't think I'll go after all," murmured the dark-eyed woman.

"What're you going to do?" "Go back to my room and mope," flicking the ashes from her cigarette.

"Don't be a fool," lighting his pipe. "Where're you living now?"

"Same place—380 Washington square. It's rotten—but the room's only four per. Man overhead walked the floor all last night."

"That was pleasant. You come on to Jimmie's! Have a drink first."

"No, thanks. I'm not drinking. So long. Tell Jimmie my mood's not hilarious enough for his party."

Taking a quarter from her hungry-looking purse, she laid it by her plate, reached for her hat and jacket, and hurried out.

380 Washington square—what kind of a place was it? wondered Helen. To what dingy, dreary room was this woman returning?

It was late now, and the crowd was gradually thinning. "Mollie" herself came out from the pantry, rolled down her sleeves, took off her apron, and sat at one of the tables to chat. She was tall and angular, with short, bushy hair, and an interesting face.

"Good crowd tonight, Mollie?" "Fair. Forty-eight. If they'd only come earlier."

"No. I'll pay for my own dinner. I graft on cigarettes—but not on food," insisted a girl as a man went up to Mollie with two checks.

"I'll have to sign for mine tonight," announced the man with the sandals as Mollie drew from a deep pocket a bag of change.

"Wonder if I dare tip her?" muttered Warren.

But when Mollie handed him his change, it was with a friendly "Good-night" and an air that plainly implied "no tips."

Outside it was snowing—wet, stinging flakes. Helen shivered and held her muff to her face as they started down the ice-coated steps.

"Wasn't it interesting?" eagerly taking his arm: "But not at all what I expected. I always thought anarchists—"

"Oh, they're not the bomb-chucking kind," Warren paused to turn up his collar. "Just an impracticable bunch, trying to make over the world. Did you hear that chap spouting about the war and universal anarchy?"

"No, I was watching the woman opposite us. Wasn't she weird? Yet," musingly, "in a way she was fascinating, too. There's Washington square just ahead. Let's walk through and see what 380 is like."

"Some studio joint. Know what's the matter with her—don't you?"

"Why no," wonderingly; "what do you mean?"

"Dope."

"Oh!" with a shudder, tightening her hold on his arm.

They were on the south side of the square now, and through the swirling snow Helen tried to read the numbers over the dimly lit doorways.

384, 382, 380—the shabbiest of all that shabby row. The lower windows were dark, but there was a faint light on the third floor. The blind was up and Helen could see the dim, unshaded gas jet and a patch of wallpaper. It looked unutterably dreary.

Was that her room? Was she up there now, trying to fight off the craving for the drug that was wrecking her?

For a fleeting second Helen had a wild impulse to dash up to that room—to tell that woman that she wanted to help her. Then, as Warren impatiently drew her on, she lowered her face in her muff and hurried along the slippery pavement without looking back.

The whole evening had been for Helen an illuminating glimpse into the careless good-fellowship, the reckless improvidence, and the sordidness of Bohemianism. And now she pressed closer to Warren with a throb of thankfulness that it was a life of which neither of them was a part.

CALEDONIA COUNTY.

Two more cases of infantile paralysis developed in St. Johnsbury this week, Jessie Perkins, aged 15 years, who seems to be recovering, and Samuel, the oldest child of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Brooks. In the latter case the paralysis is slight and his condition is hopeful.

The car of Alexander Dunnett was wrecked at a village in Canada recently when he stalled the engine on a grade crossing, which was blocked by a hand car of section men, and a fast train ran into it. Mr. Dunnett and W. J. Bigelow were returning from a hunting trip in the Canadian forests. They were uninjured.

While Judge and Mrs. Harland B. Howe of St. Johnsbury were in Island Pond a few days ago an impromptu banquet was arranged for them by about 18 men and women at the Stewart House. The time was enjoyed in reviewing many incidents in which Judge Howe has taken a prominent part with the people of that vicinity.

L. W. Hastings of St. Johnsbury, a farm superintendent, has filed a petition in bankruptcy. He has liabilities of \$22,081.50 and assets of \$12,002, of which \$400 is claimed exempt. There are 28 unsecured creditors, the largest accounts being as follows: Frank M. Hastings, Concord, \$1,500; Citizens Savings Bank & Trust company, St. Johnsbury, \$330.20; Gilman Brothers, St. Johnsbury, \$175; C. A. Caldwell, St. Johnsbury, \$180; Twin Gas and Electric company, St. Johnsbury, \$175; First National Bank of St. Johnsbury, \$300; H. E. Gray, Westfield, \$300.

SHEFFIELD

Mrs. David Roberts recently visited in McInnes.

Wiley Willard has moved his family to Passumpsic.

Arthur Miles of Evansville called on former friends here last week.

Mary Phillips entertained two of her schoolgirl friends over Sunday.

Mr. Knowlton has returned to the creamery after two weeks' absence.

Miss Duncan visited her home in Monroe, N. H., the last of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lute Chesley have adopted a baby boy into their family.

Mrs. Roll Barber's parents have gone to Ohio to make their future home.

Leon Simpson visited his sister, Mrs. Kate Hawkins, of Boston, the last of the week.

Mrs. Snelling has been moved to Charlie Baker's where she can be cared for.

The friends of Mrs. Colby, formerly of this place, will be sorry to learn of her illness.

Lelia Barber and Ray Wood were married Wednesday by Rev. E. E. Phillips of St. Johnsbury.

Mrs. Beniah Roberts attended the banquet Thursday at St. Johnsbury given by the editor of the Caledonia.

O. H. Jenness and family attended the 15th wedding anniversary of his son, Bert, at Barton Thursday night.

Mrs. A. O. Gray and Mrs. Flora Barber attended the state meeting of the Sons and Daughters of Liberty at Glover Wednesday.

Delegates have been chosen for the Danville Baptist association to be held at Sutton. They are Mrs. A. O. Gray, Mrs. Dell Barber and Warren Gray.

There will be a chicken pie supper Oct. 22 at the Baptist parish house. The gentlemen will have charge of it. The annual meeting will be held in the afternoon.

UNION HOUSE DISTRICT.

Miss Margaret Wallman has gone to visit her grandfather, John Wallman.

Mrs. Harry Colburn entertained friends, Mrs. John Lang and Mrs. Charles Leach, of Kirby, Friday and Saturday.

An automobile party visited at O. W. Jessiman's Saturday. They were Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt and daughter and Mrs. Hildreth of Bethlehem, N. H.

SUTTON

Miss Beth Switzer has finished work at Lyndonville and is at her home here.

At the special town meeting Saturday Lewis Gordon was elected overseer of the poor and E. A. LaFoe as tax collector.

Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Campbell and daughter, Beryl, have gone to Indianapolis, Ind., to visit her parents and daughter, Mrs. Clyde Weaver.

Miss Elizabeth Hoffman, teacher in the Whipple school, was taken sick and had to return to her home in Lyndonville. Miss Sadie Blake is supplying during her absence.

Mrs. Tilton, a former resident of this town, died at her home in Westmoreland, N. H. The remains were brought here for burial. Funeral was held at the F. B. church on Oct. 5.

David Chapman, who has lived at C. B. Joy's for the past four years, has stored his goods in the shop owned by H. D. Chapman and gone to Lyndon Center to live with his son, F. E. Chapman.

SUTTON NORTH RIDGE

Miss Laura Case of Barton is visiting Mrs. B. H. Fairbanks.

Mrs. Anna Murry and Mrs. Nellie Guild of West Danville recently called at G. W. McFarlin's.

Mr. Alexander and daughter, Miss Myrtle, visited Mr. Alexander's sister, Mrs. Edwin Curtis, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Olin Webster and son of Richford have been visiting Mr. Webster's sister, Mrs. E. F. Clark.

E. R. McShane entertained his mother, Mrs. Schoolcraft, and uncle, Henry Buzzell, of Stanstead, the past week.

There was a good attendance at the schoolhouse Sunday. Rev. Upton spoke on "The Life Complete in Christ."

Library League social at O. W. Ingalls' Friday night. A voting contest at 9 o'clock. Come prepared to tell your favorite author, newspaper and magazine and why? Ten o'clock sandwiches, cake and coffee will be served.

An Aid to Digestion.

Aesculapius is reputed to have written comic songs to promote digestion in his patients.

Mighty Canopus.

The largest star now known is Canopus, in the southern constellation of the Ship, invisible to us of the northern hemisphere. The luminosity of Canopus is 47,000 times that of the sun, its area 18,000 times more vast, its diameter 134 times and its volume 2,420,000 times superior to the respective measures of our solar focus. Its mass is 1,350,000 times greater. According to the interesting hypothesis of O. R. Walkley, an English astronomer, Canopus is in reality our central sun, about which our own weak luminary and its planets, including the earth, are describing an orbit—Paris Revue Scientifique.

THE VALUE OF SALT IN THE BATHROOM.

Salt is not only a necessity in the kitchen, but it will work wonders in the bathroom. It is the cheapest and best of nerve tonics and the finest of skin lotions. Salt is to beauty in the bathroom just what it is to food in the kitchen. In fact, it is the solution offered by nature to most of our beauty and health queries.

Every one has heard of the splendid strengthening effects of salt water bathing, but few think of taking salt water baths in their own tubs. Sea salt can be bought in any drug store, and a large bag should be kept on hand in the bathroom.

When you come home tired out and nervous try a salt bath. You will find it invaluable for weakness and nervousness, and you will find that a month of the home salt bath treatment will take away all traces of that "tired feeling."

In fact, the woman who bathes in salt water two or three times a week feels too vigorous and strong ever to know that tired sensation.

If the skin on the face or throat is flabby you will find a salt massage of the greatest benefit. This will make the skin firm and strong. Just take a half handful of salt and rub it into the skin—not too hard, for the roughness of the salt will redden and irritate the flesh, but gently and evenly. After a soft but thorough salt massage wash the face off with cold water.

The action of the salt, whether used dry or in the bath, is to enliven the circulation and to stimulate the nerves. This in turn makes the skin clearer, the color better and the general surface firmer and smoother.

Salt as a tooth powder is also at its best, for it whitens the teeth and hardens the gums.

When salt is such an aid to health and beauty and is so very cheap every bathroom should hold it.

Specials for Saturday

Fancy Feathers in all the new ideas.

New Shapes and a nice line of Fur Trimmings for Hats, Coats and Dresses.

Mrs. C. L. Hutchins

Barton,

Tel. 56-3

Vermont

Sick Women Attention

Is it possible there is a woman in this country who continues to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial after all the evidence that is continually being published, which proves beyond contradiction that this grand old medicine has relieved more suffering among women than any other one medicine in the world?

We have published in the newspapers of the United States more genuine testimonial letters than have ever been published in the interest of any other medicine for women—and every year we publish many new testimonials, all genuine and true. Here are three never before published:

From Mrs. S. T. Richmond, Providence, R. I.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—"For the benefit of women who suffer as I have done I wish to state what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I did some heavy lifting and the doctor said it caused a displacement. I have always been weak and I overworked after my baby was born and inflammation set in, then nervous prostration, from which I did not recover until I had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The Compound is my best friend and when I hear of a woman with troubles like mine I try to induce her to take your medicine."—Mrs. S. T. RICHMOND, 84 Progress Avenue, Providence, R. I.

From Mrs. Maria Irwin, Peru, N.Y.

PERU, N.Y.—"Before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was very irregular and had much pain. I had lost three children, and felt worn out all the time. This splendid medicine helped me as nothing else had done, and I am thankful every day that I took it."—Mrs. MARIA IRWIN, R.F.D. 1, Peru, N.Y.

From Mrs. Jane D. Duncan, W. Quincy, Mass.

SOUTH QUINCY, MASS.—"The doctor said that I had organic trouble and he doctored me for a long time and I did not get any relief. I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised and I tried it and found relief before I had finished the first bottle. I continued taking it all through middle life and am now a strong, healthy woman and earn my own living."—Mrs. JANE D. DUNCAN, Forest Avenue, West Quincy, Mass.

Write to LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. (CONFIDENTIAL) LYNN, MASS., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.



Banish The Old Ash Pan!

Crawford Ranges

do it. An ash pan is hard to remove and it usually spills the ashes in carrying

The deep Ash Hod of our latest ranges catches all of the ashes, is easy to remove and carry and does not spill the ashes. Coal Hod beside it. Both hods free with each range.

Then there is a wonderful "Single Damper" [patented]; gives perfect control of fire and oven. Better than two dampers. Have you seen it?

Gas ovens if desired, end [single] or elevated [double].

For sale by
H. T.